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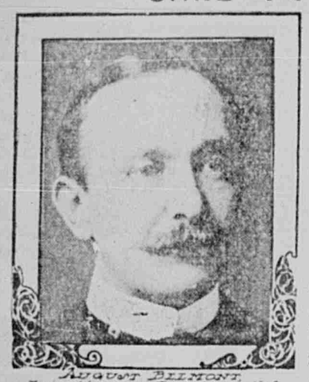
UNKEPT PROMISES.



AUGUST BELMONT.
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In answer to inquiries as to what he intends to do with the wooden cars in the subway Mr. Belmont is reported to have asked, ironically, whether he should throw them into the scrap heap.

It is decidedly better that they should go into the scrap heap than be saved to serve for the cremation of Interborough passengers.

Wherever they go, they must go out of the subway. Their proper destination is the elevated, which is badly in need of a new car equipment. Mr. Belmont maintains that the copper-sheathed cars are too heavy for the elevated structure. Were they found to be so when tested on the Second and Third avenue roads before the underground began operation? The public was not informed of the fact at the time, and it now sees no reason to fear that the entire complement of wooden subway cars, if distributed on the four elevated lines, would in any way impair their security, while they would greatly improve the existing antiquated equipment.

But the question is not one of expense. It is one of public safety and of a corporation's duty to perform the obligations on the strength of which it received a franchise.

The Interborough promised fireproof cars and it has failed to furnish them. It promised perfect safeguards from fire risks of electrical origin, and they have been shown by a most convincing demonstration to be non-existant. It promised protection from third-rail dangers and an adequate fire service. These promises have been broken and a forfeit should be exacted as a guarantee of good faith for the future.

The public has allowed dividends to be drawn from its discomfort and tolerated the capitalization of the strap-hanger. But it will not put up with economies at the price of its safety.

THE SUNDAY OUTING.

During the outing season a fair Sunday sees at least half a million New Yorkers in transit. Perhaps 200,000 went to Coney Island yesterday, half as many to "little Coney Islands" in Manhattan and elsewhere, 50,000 to Long Island inland resorts, 75,000 to the Staten Island beaches, others by tens of thousands to objective points on the lines of the New York Central, the New Haven and the Jersey roads. They flocked to the Bronx and overran all Westchester. They crossed in droves to New Jersey by the Fort Lee ferry.

Many went visiting, a use to which the day is now largely devoted throughout the metropolitan area from the Oranges to the Connecticut line. It is a great day too for long-distance trolley trips. The development of the "poor man's automobile" service between towns has developed with it a constituency which packs the cars on Sundays and holidays.

And what a crowd this half-million is for orderliness and good-humor and sobriety! The Old World has nothing to compare with it, as visitors from abroad testify with wonder.

"There Comes a Time" (Richard Canfield).

By J. Campbell Cory.

Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did;
Why They Did It;
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 33—The Nation's Darkest Hour.

"THAT ill-organized association (the United States) is on the eve of dissolution, and the world is speedily to be delivered of the mischievous example of the existence of a government founded on democratic rebellion."

Thus declared the London Times in August of 1814. And considering England's ignorance of American pluck, the outrageous statement seemed to have some foundation, for that was the darkest hour the Republic had ever known.

Napoleon's world-power had been broken, leaving England free to pursue her war with greater vigor in America. Thousands of Wellington's seasoned veterans were shipped across sea to reinforce the British armies already here. American credit was depleted and America's army was weakened.

In the North alone was any signal triumph won by United States arms that year. Sir James Yeo led a British fleet against Oswego on May 5 and captured the place. But the American Generals, Scott and Ripley, retaliated by crossing the Niagara into Canada and storming Fort Erie. They then defeated a strong British force at Chippewa.

Disaster Everywhere Except In the North.

Gen. Drummond, furious that raw Yankee militia should so easily have beaten seasoned English veterans, collected every available regiment and, with a force one-third greater than that of Scott and Ripley, attacked the Americans at Lundy's Lane, near Bridgewater. On July 25 the opposing armies met in one of the fiercest battles of history. The Americans won. But it was a costly victory, for they lost, in killed and wounded, 853 men, as against 878 of the British.

Drummond soon after assaulted Fort Erie, but was repulsed. The Americans, unable to defend the place, burned and abandoned it, recrossing to the New York side of the Niagara.

In August Gen. Prevost, with 14,000 of Wellington's veterans, invaded New York from Canada and attacked Plattsburg by land and water. Macdonough's fleet and Macomb's little army resisted the onset. Macdonough captured the entire British fleet and Macomb put Prevost's land forces to rout. The fighting lasted intermittently for five days. Then Prevost retreated in disorder, having lost 2,500 men to Macomb's 121.

But while in the North the Yankee forces more than held their own, they were everywhere else in sore straits. Along the Atlantic seaboard the chief ports from Maine to Sandy Hook were blockaded by British warships. The shores of the Chesapeake were again ravaged. The Creek Indians in Florida, though beaten once by Gen. Andrew Jackson, had once more risen and joined the British. The British Admiral Griffith entered Penobscot Bay, captured the town of Castine, destroyed an American frigate and formally took possession of Maine in the name of King George.

But the heaviest blow of the whole war was struck at the nation's capital. A mighty British squadron of sixty warships sailed up the Chesapeake, brushing aside Commodore Barney's feeble little fleet that sought to defend the waterway, and landed Gen. Ross with 5,000 redcoats. This invading army marched straight upon Washington.

At Bladensburg, a few miles from the capital, they were met on Aug. 24 by an American force 3,000 strong. A bloody battle ensued, the Americans were put to flight, and the way to Washington was clear. Ross marched on, entering the unprotected national capital the same day. President Madison, his family and his Cabinet fled barely in time to avoid capture.

Ross burned the Capitol, the President's House, the Library of Congress, the Treasury Building, the Arsenal and some private dwellings, looted the city and returned to his ships.

The whole world stood aghast. This last move seemed to spell utter ruin for the United States. Her national capital sacked and her President a fugitive! It was then that the London Times made the prophecy that heads this article. Another London newspaper scored Ross's act as "a return to barbarism."

Washington Captured; Baltimore Attacked.

Ross, flushed with success and his army reinforced to 8,000 men, moved northward, Sept. 12, on Baltimore. But the nation in its hour of dire peril was at last aroused. The spirit of Concord and Lexington blazed into new life. As Ross advanced by land, sending at the same time a fleet up the Patapsco to bombard Fort McHenry, every boy, man and trembling dotard who could handle a musket swelled the ranks of the little army that rushed to repulse him. Gen. Stricker's advance corps met the advancing Britons, and in the ensuing skirmish Ross was killed. Col. Brooke, his second in command, pushed on toward Baltimore, driving back the American outposts. But Brooke soon met with more stubborn resistance and was forced to withdraw. His fleet, after bombarding Fort McHenry all day and all night, also retreated. Baltimore was saved.

A young Baltimorean prisoner on one of the British warships watched from the vessel's deck with anguished anxiety the bombardment of Fort McHenry. Night fell and he could no longer see whether the plucky defenders still held their own or had been forced to yield. But by the earliest light of dawn the watcher beheld the Stars and Stripes still floating proudly above the fort. The sight inspired him and he commemorated it in an immortal song. The youth was Francis Scott Key. The song was "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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CHAPTER XIX.

(Continued.)

NO first step can be really great; it must of necessity possess more of prophecy than of achievement; nevertheless it is by the first step that a man marks the value not only of his cause but of himself. Following broadly on the lines that tradition has laid down for the Conservative orator, Loder disguised rather than displayed the vein of strong, persuasive eloquence that was his natural gift. The occasion that might possibly justify such a display of individuality might lie with the future, but it had no application to the present. For the moment his duty was to voice his party sentiments with as much lucidity, as much logic and as much calm conviction as lay within his capacity.

Standing quietly in Chilcote's place, he was conscious with a deep sense of gravity of the peculiarity of his position; and perhaps it was this unconscious and unstudied seriousness that lent him the tone of weight and judgment so essential to the cause he had in hand. It has always been difficult to arouse the interest of the House on matters of British policy in Persia. Once aroused, it may, it is true, reach fever heat with remarkable rapidity, but the introductory stages offer that worst danger to the earnest speaker—the dread of an apathetic audience. But from this consideration Loder, by his sharp consciousness of personal difficulties, was given immunity.

Pitching his voice in that quietly masterful tone that beyond all others compels attention, he took up his subject and dealt with it with dispassionate force. With great skill he touched on the steady southward advance of Russia into Persian territory from the distant days when, by a curious irony of fate, Russian and British enterprise combined to make entry into the country under the sanction of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, to the present hour, when the great power of Russia—long since alienated by interests and desires from her former co-operator—had taken a step which in the eyes of every thinking man must possess a deep significance. With quiet persistence he pointed out the peculiar position of Meshed in the distant province of Khorasan; its vast distance from the Persian Gulf, round which British interests and influence centre, and the consequently alarming position of hundreds of traders who, in the security of British sovereignty, are fighting their way upward from India, from Afghanistan, even from England herself.

Following up his point, he dilated on these subjects of the British Crown who, cut off from adequate assistance, can only turn in personal or commercial peril to the protective power of the nearest consulate. Then, quietly demanding the attention of his hearers, he marshalled fact after fact to demonstrate the isolation and inadequacy of a consulate so situated; the all but arbitrary power of Russia, who in her new occupation of Meshed had only two considerations to withhold her from open aggression—the knowledge of England as a very considerable but also a very distant power; the knowledge of Persia as an imminent but wholly impotent factor in the case.

Having stated his opinions, he reverted to the motive of his speech—his desire to put forward a strong protest against the adjournment of the House without an assurance from the Government that immediate measures would be taken to safeguard British interests in Meshed and throughout the province of Khorasan.

The immediate outcome of Loder's speech was all that his party had desired. The effect on the House had been marked; and when, no satisfactory response coming to his demand, he had in still more resolute and insistent terms called for a division on the motion for adjournment, the result had been an appreciable fall in the Government majority.

To Loder himself the realization that he had at last vindicated and justified himself by individual action had a peculiar effect. His position had been altered in one remarkable particular. Before this day he alone had known himself to be strong; now the knowledge was shared by others, and he was human enough to be susceptible to the change.

The first appreciation of it came immediately after the excitement of the division, when Fraide, singling him out, took his arm and pressed it affectionately.

"My dear Chilcote," he said, "we are all proud of you!" Then, looking up into his face, he added in a graver tone, "But keep your mind upon the future; never be blinded by the present—however bright it seems."

At the touch of his hand, at the spontaneous approval of his first words, Loder's pride thrilled, and in a vehement rush of ambition his senses answered to the praise. Then, as Fraide in all unconsciousness added his second sentence, the hot glow of feeling suddenly chilled. In a sweep of intuitive reaction the meaning and the danger of his falsely real position extinguished his excitement and turned his triumph cold. With an involuntary gesture he withdrew his arm.

"You're very good, sir," he said. "And you're very right. We never should forget that there is—a future."

The old man glanced up, surprised by the tone. "Quite so, Chilcote," he said kindly. "But we only advise those in whom we believe to look toward it. Shall we find my wife? I know she will want to hear you home with us."

But Loder's joy in himself and his achievement had dropped from him. He shrank suddenly from Lady Sarah's congratulations and Eve's warm, silent approbation.

"Thanks, sir," he said, "but I don't feel fit for society. A touch of my—nerves, I suppose." He laughed shortly. "But do you mind saying to Eve that I hope I have—satisfied her?" he added this as if in half-reluctant afterthought. Then, with a short pressure of Fraide's hand, he turned, evading the many groups that waited to claim him, and passed out of the House alone.

Hailing a cab, he drove to Grosvenor Square. All the exaltation of an hour ago had turned to ashes. His excitement had found its culmination in a sense of futility and premonition.

He met no one in the hall or on the stairs of Chilcote's house, and on entering the study he found that also deserted. Greening had been among the most absorbed of those who had listened to his speech. Passing at once into the room, he crossed as if by instinct to the desk, and there halted. On the top of some unopened letters lay the significant yellow envelope of a telegram—the telegram that in an unformed, subconscious way had sprung to his expectation on the moment of Fraide's congratulation.

Very quietly he picked it up, opened and read it, and, with the automatic caution that had become habitual, carried it across the room and dropped it in the fire. This done, he returned to the desk, read the letters that awaited Chilcote, and, scribbling the necessary notes upon the margins, left them in readiness for Greening. Then, moving with the same quiet suppression, he passed from the room, down the stairs and out into the street by the way he had come.

"It's delightful to meet you like this!" he began.

CHAPTER XX.

ON the fifth day after the momentous 1st of April on which he had recalled Loder and resumed his own life Chilcote left his house and walked toward Bond street. Though the morning was clear and the air almost warm for the time of year, he was buttoned into a long overcoat and was wearing a muffler and a pair of doeskin gloves. As he passed along the street he kept close to the house fronts to avoid the sun that was everywhere stirring the winter-bound town like a suffusion of young blood through old veins. He avoided the warmth because in this instance warmth meant light, but as he moved he shivered slightly from time to time with the haunting, permeating cold that of late had become his persistent shadow.

He was ill at ease as he hurried forward. With each succeeding day of the old life the new annoyances, the new obligations became more hampering. Before his compact with Loder this old life had been a net about his feet; now the meshes seemed to have narrowed, the net itself to have spread till it smothered his whole being. His own household—his own rooms, even—offered no sanctuary. The presence of another personality tinged the atmosphere. It was preposterous, but it was undeniable. The lay figure that he had set in his place had proved to be flesh and blood—had usurped his life, his position, his very personality, by sheer right of strength. As he walked along Bond street in the first sunshine of the year, jostled by the well-dressed crowd, he felt a pariah.

He revolted at the new order of things, but the revolt was a silent one—the iron of expediency had entered into his soul. He dared not jeopardize Loder's position, because he dared not dispense with Loder. The door that guarded his vice drew him more resistlessly with every indulgence, and Loder's was the voice that called the "Open Sesame!"

He walked on aimlessly. He had been but five days at home, and already the quiet, grass-grown court of Clifford's Inn, the bare staircase, the comfortless privacy of Loder's rooms seemed a haven of refuge. The speed with which this hunger had returned frightened him.

He walked forward rapidly and without encountering a check. Then suddenly the spell was broken. From the slowly moving, brilliantly dressed throng of people some one called him by his name, and turning he saw Lillian Astrupp.

She was stepping from the door of a jeweller's, and as he turned she paused, holding out her hand.

"The very person I would have wished to see!" she exclaimed. "Where have you been these hundred years? I've heard of nobody but you since you've turned politician and ceased to be a mere member of Parliament!" She laughed softly. The laugh suited the light spring air as she herself suited the pleasant, superficial scene.

He took her hand and held it, while his eyes travelled from her delicate face to her pale cloth gown, from her soft furs to the bunch of roses fastened in her muff. The sight of her was a curious relief. Her cool, slim fingers were so casual yet so clinging, her voice and her presence were so redolent of easy, artificial things.

"How well you look!" he said involuntarily.

Again she laughed. "That's my prerogative," she responded lightly. "But I was serious in being glad to see you. Sarcastic people are always so intuitive. I'm looking for some one with intuition."

Chilcote glanced up. "Extravagant again?" he said dryly.

She smiled at him sweetly. "Jack!" she murmured with slow reproach.

Chilcote laughed quickly. "I understand. You've changed your Minister of Finance. I'm wanted in some other direction."

This time her reproach was expressed by a glance. "You are always wanted," she said.

The words seemed to rouse him again to the shadowy self-distrust that the sight of her had lifted.

"It's—it's delightful to meet you like this," he began, "and I wish the meeting wasn't momentary. But I'm—I'm rather pressed for time. You must let me come round one afternoon—or evening, when you're alone." He fumbled for a moment with the collar of his coat and glanced furtively upward toward Oxford street.

But again Lillian smiled—this time to herself. If she understood anything on earth it was Chilcote and his moods.

"If one may be careless of anything, Jack," she said lightly, "surely it's of time. I can imagine being pressed for anything else in the world. If it's an appointment you're worrying about, a motor goes ever so much faster than a cab"— She looked at him tentatively, her head slightly on one side, her muff raised till the roses and some of the soft fur touched her cheek.

She looked very charming and very persuasive as Chilcote glanced back. Again she seemed to represent a respite—something graceful and subtle in a world of oppressive obligations. His eyes strayed from her figure to the smart motor car drawn up beside the curb.

She saw the glance. "Ever so much quicker," she insinuated; and, smiling again, she stepped forward from the door of the shop. After a second's indecision Chilcote followed her.

The waiting car had three seats—one in front for the chauffeur, two vis-a-vis at the back, offering pleasant possibilities of a tete-a-tete.

"The park—and drive slowly," Lillian ordered as she stepped inside, motioning Chilcote to the seat opposite.

They moved up Bond street smoothly and rapidly. Lillian was absorbed in the passing traffic until the Marble Arch was reached; then, as they glided through the big gates, she looked across at her companion. He had turned up the collar of his coat, though the wind was scarcely perceptible, and buried himself in it to the ears.

"It is extraordinary!" she exclaimed suddenly as her eyes rested on his face. It was seldom that she felt drawn to exclamation. She was usually too indolent to show surprise. But now the feeling was called forth before she was aware.

Chilcote looked up. "What's extraordinary?" he said sensitively.

She leaned forward for an instant and touched his hand.

"Bear!" she said teasingly. "Did I rub your fur the wrong way?" Then, seeing his expression, she tactfully changed her tone. "I'll explain. It was the same thing that struck me the night of Blanche's party—when you looked at me over Leonard Kaine's head. You remember?" She glanced away from him across the park to where the grass was already showing greener.

Chilcote felt ill at ease. Again he put his hand to his coat collar.

"Oh, yes," he said hastily—"yes." He wished now that he had questioned Loder more closely on the proceedings of that party. It seemed to him on looking back that Loder had mentioned nothing on the day of their last exchange but the political complications that absorbed his mind.

"I couldn't explain then," Lillian went on. "I couldn't explain before a crowd of people that it wasn't your dark head showing over Leonard's red one that surprised me, but the most wonderful, the most extraordinary likeness"— She paused.

The car was moving slower; there was a delight in the easy motion through the fresh, early air. But Chilcote's uneasiness had been aroused. He no longer felt soothed.

"What likeness?" he asked sharply.

She turned to him easily. "Oh, a likeness I have noticed before," she said. "A likeness that always seemed strange, but that suddenly became incredible at Blanche's party."

He moved quickly. "Likenesses are an illusion," he said, "a mere imagination of the brain!" His manner was short; his annoyance seemingly out of all proportion to its cause. Lillian looked at him afresh in slightly interested surprise.

"Yet not so very long ago you yourself"— she began.

"Nonsense!" he broke in. "I've always denied likenesses. Such things don't really exist. Likeness-seeing is purely an individual matter—a preconception." He spoke fast; he was uneasy under the cool scrutiny of her green eyes. And with a sharp attempt at self-control and reassurance he altered his voice. "After all we're being very stupid!" he exclaimed. "We're worrying over something that doesn't exist."

(To Be Continued.)